

Innis Herald
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INNIS HERALD

VOLUME II, NUMBER 5

NOVEMBER 22, 1966

STUDENTS SHOULD HELP RUN UNIVERSITY

In connection with a SAC motion, Tom Faulkner, president of the SAC, spoke to the ICSS Executive on the importance of student participation in university government. He did not mean student government. He was talking about the running of a university community.

The SAC hopes to seat student representatives on University committees. Faulkner plans to break into Bissel's "inner sanctum" by setting up a student-staff committee similar to the Innis committee.

"The university community," he pointed out, "expects to develop its citizens (students) into responsible citizens. Yet it refuses to allow them to participate fully in their own government. Any privileged information given to student representatives is valueless because it cannot be passed on to the student government level." Mr. Faulkner admitted the need for secrecy in special cases like land deals, but he objected to secrecy as a matter of procedure.

Newman Was There

"At least Newman and Price are there". The Varsity review of the UC Follies was not encouraging and, as was implied in its above quoted headline, the gist of it was that it was lousy with the exceptions of Jack Newman and Alan Price.

Consequently when Saturday night came along, I went off, prepared to be bored to tears. It did not take me long to change my mind. The first number, a folk version of "God Save the Queen", was a roaring success. What followed may not have been of the same quality, but it was certainly not depressing or boring.

Compared to the rest of the University, the Innis College administration is most liberal in its views towards student participation in all aspects of College government. The Innis Student-Staff Committee, meets weekly to co-ordinate the many uses of the building and to work out the problems of communication with a student population which reaches across the whole campus. The meetings are open. Co-operation between staff and students in this committee is good. A non-voting staff member sits on the student executive and a non-voting student reports to the Council of Innis College. Can we go a step further? The students should give the staff member a vote on the ICSS Executive and the College administration should give the student representative full membership on the Council of Innis College. Such a move could only strengthen the Student-Staff relationship at Innis. Furthermore, if we are going to lead the University in Staff-Student relations, it is a necessary move.

This is not to say that the performance was faultless. The Varsity review sums up generally my own criticisms, but what it fails to say is that, despite its shortcomings, the Follies was a well-put-together, well-performed show. It was not a waste of time.

Innis should be proud of the performance of Jack Newman in this show. He was the music director, and one of the leading actors.

Fortunately he has not deserted us, and is taking a leading role in the Innis play, Cocteau's "Antigone", to be performed in mid January.

Dig Those Indians

by Fran Linton

In the dark hours of early dawn about 300 years ago, a fire smouldered and burned in the village of Cahlaque--a funeral pyre for the Huron Indians that had inhabited it. The bush closed in on the clearing and almost all traces of the previous inhabitants disappeared. But not quite all. For once again in the early hours of last weekend the fires at Cahlaque smouldered and burned. But they were well-watched campfires and over them bubbled great cauldrons of soup and instant coffee. The natives who roamed the site were not Huron Indians but some 250 ambitious, dedicated and slightly insane University of Toronto students, participating in what is known as a "dig".

This site, up near Orillia, has turned out to be one of the biggest Huron Indian villages in the area, but uncovering it is slow, hard work. Little did we know what we were in for as the buses sped northward with their sleepy occupants. The cold, crisp air of the morning snapped us awake, as we were handed a shovel and a trowel and told to go to it. Each student had a five-foot-square plot, like so many graves. All morning we heaved shovels full of soil onto an ever growing pile.

Happiness is a peanut butter and jam sandwich at lunchtime washed down with four cups of steaming hot soup. Then it was back to work with the trowels to the tune of "We shall overcome" and "Working in a coal mine". During the afternoon people discovered bits of pottery, bones, arrowheads, and some batt's '50' bottle caps. Those lads were a swinging crowd.

EDITORIAL:

Where Have All The Bitchers Gone?

On the Toronto campus, one can always find a group of students willing to criticize the University for ignoring student opinion when the courses are being reassessed.

And yet, when the MacPherson Commission--which promises to reassess the academic system at U. of T.--is set up, there is a disturbing silence on campus. Even when the Commission asks specifically for student opinion, the bitchers remain mute. Why?

Could it be that we are so selfish--realizing that we will no longer be students when the changes have been made--that we do nothing. Perhaps complainers can only tear down systems; cannot offer constructive suggestions. Perhaps we just don't care.

You can be sure that when the Commission makes its recommendations to the University, there will be complaints that student opinion wasn't taken into consideration. It will be our own fault if it is not.

The Innis College Executive, in a realistic way, is planning to offer a \$10 prize to the best contribution by an Innis student to the MacPherson Commission. I suppose they are right in their approach. Students are no different from any other people; their strongest motivation is financial.

It seems a shame that we have to bait someone to improve the University system.

Innis Herald

Editor: John U. Bayly
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Chuck Hutchings
Art Editor: Owen J. Dornan
Typists: Maie Niiholm
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Danielle Scherter,
Gail Swaigen
Photography: Bud Patrick

The Herald was thrown together this issue. We lost a page. Irv Silver waited around to make sure that everything went well. It didn't. Dornan filled in the spaces with pictures. It belongs to the world now.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

where is multi-faculty?

Innis College is a Multi-Faculty College; or at least so we are told. One of the positions on the executive is that of Multi-Faculty Commissioner, thus implying that the College has a Commission working under this person. Where is it? According to the budget for 1966-67 accepted by the Executive, the commission spent \$70 last year; this year it has not been allotted any money at all. I was informed by our treasurer, Mr. Tamaki, that the Commissioner has specifically stated he required no funds. But I doubt that the Commission can run on good-will alone.

Furthermore, earlier this fall I was requested by the Commissioner to represent the Faculty of Engineering on his Commission. I willingly accepted, but as yet I have not been informed of any meetings of the Commission, apparently because

there have been none. (No, I haven't forgotten the open meeting held early in October; that was not a Commission meeting.) Certainly the Commission is not failing for lack of work to keep it busy. The MacPherson Committee has requested a brief on the subject of teaching Arts subjects to non-Arts students; the Multi-Faculty Commission has been assigned the job of distributing this newspaper; and perhaps it is time the Commission produced some sort of a constitution or statement of aims and ideals. The school year is almost half over. So far, nothing has been accomplished. And nothing will be accomplished, unless some sort of organization is effected within the next few weeks. Is this failure a symptom of the impending failure of the Multi-Faculty ideal? I hope not.

David A. Parker
Innis I

innis who?

As the song that Bob Bossin wrote for Home-Coming goes, "Who the Hell was Harold Innis?" An excellent opportunity to have answered this question came two weeks ago at our Annual Banquet. Yet, throughout the entire evening only two references were

made to Mr. Innis. Surely, one of the speakers could have spent at least five minutes and given a brief biography of the man for whom our college is named.

Paul L. Hart
Innis II

in support of waste time

I take exception to the Editorial "Lost: 3 Centuries" (Oct. 25) and its criticism of so-called "waste" time. I feel that in this day and age, one of our puissant needs is to linger and hesitate. There is, currently, so much emphasis and concern given to the clock, that it, rather than the goal to be attained, becomes the main driving force behind us.

If we spend all our waking hours diligently working and scrapping, will our gleanings justify our efforts? Will our personal satisfaction be greater when we follow Time's harsh and rutted rules than when we impose, our won rules upon it? Granted time is an important element in the operation of an efficient society, but let us not give it the upper hand.

There is an obvious necessity of allowing ourselves time to

stand apart from the inclemencies of life; to evaluate; to forget; to meditate; to dream. We must occasionally lose ourselves in imagination and frivolity so that the surrounding strife does not engulf us.

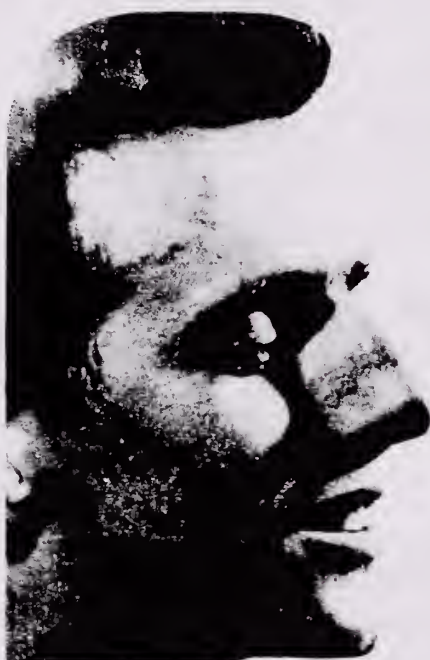
This whole problem of how time should be administered boils down to a personal philosophy. For the materialist, concerned with physical needs, and worldly ambitions, time is placed upon a pedestal and to abuse it in the least is to sin. For an idealist who aspires to some inner glory, time is a secondary matter whose powers are limited to those of organizing (not commanding) life.

Therefore, criticism should not be levelled at people who seem to "waste" their time. It could be that the accusers have their values and perspectives mixed up.

Chuck Hutchings
Innis I

Le Géant de la Chanson au Québec

par Sandra Grant



Gilles Vigneault

Pas de chemin pour s'y rendre, un bateau tous les quinze jours, un avion entre les tempêtes, la pêche, le trappage, c'est Natashquan. De ce petit village perdu sur la côte Nord du Québec, s'est levé le nouveau géant de la poésie, le symbole de la simplicité retrouvée. C'est Gilles Vigneault sorti de son pays

de réalité et de rêve, de joies et de peines, pays de son enfance, de ses amours, de ses souvenirs.

Gilles Vigneault naquit en 1928 d'une famille modeste. Il poursuivit ses études classiques et à quatorze ans il fait la découverte de la poésie en lisant *Le Cid*. C'est en 1950 qu'il entre à l'Université Laval à Québec pour obtenir une licence en lettres. Il devient professeur et ce n'est qu'en 1960 que Vigneault commence une réelle carrière de gigueur, conteur, compositeur et chanteur. En 1959 il édite son premier recueil de poèmes *Ertraves* où il nous parle de sa vie, de son pays, de son dialogue avec la mer. En 1961 paraît un recueil qui comprend quarante récits *«Contes sur la pointe des pieds»*. En 1964 paraît *«Balises»* recueil de poésie. Puis en 1965 *«Avec les vieux mots»* et *«Quand les bateaux s'en vont.»*

Le grand talent de ce chanteur-compositeur se devait de dépasser les frontières de ce pays. En 1964 sa chanson *Jack Monoloy* remporte le deuxième prix du quatrième festival international de la chanson en Pologne. En 1965 la chanson *Mon Pays* se mérite le premier prix au même festival. Notre Vigneault atteint ici un sommet de sa carrière. Il nous communique sa dolt d'être de vivre avec les hommes. Il nous dit son pays qui est le nôtre. Ses principaux thèmes,

sa musique, tout contribue à introduire chez le public qui l'écoute, une atmosphère de tendresse de chaleur humaine. Car ce Gilles Vigneault mène la salle du bout de sa poésie vivante et colorée. La salle s'est reconnue. Il lui a donné une chance, un prétexte pour s'identifier.

De tous les chansonniers, Vigneault est certainement le plus prestigieux actuellement. Avec tous ses personnages légendaires dont il chante la vie, la force et la grandeur, il est en train de créer une nouvelle mythologie. Il s'est fait l'interprète de tous ces hommes de la côte Nord devenue pour nous un véritable Olympe.

Vigneault pour nous, québécois, c'est un mythe, un véritable symbole. Il incarne le désir collectif du peuple canadien de s'affirmer, de faire valoir sa langue et ses traditions. Il sait si bien animer nos grands paysages que nous adhérons par le fait même à sa poésie, à son personnage. Vigneault recrée l'époque où se plaît à se retrouver chacun de nous. Dans une interview lors de sa tournée à Paris, Vigneault disait lui-même: "Peut-être que le public se reconnaît en moi, qu'il vient s'applaudir lui-même, parce qu'au bout de ma chanson est mon pays. Je chante parce que j'ai quelque chose à dire et je chante ceux qui travaillent à construire le pays".

SMOKED OUT

by Carmen Sargeant

No. Impossible. I refuse to believe it. Someone must be burning rubbish. Those things do not happen in this area. Strange though, the room seems unusually hot at this time of the morning. Again I raised my head and sniffed. Over-sensitive, that's all. The clock on my bedside table read six forty-five in the morning--and a Saturday at that. O.K. then, I guess I might as well get up and open the window a bit.

Do I see a young man without a shirt saying something about a Fire on the Second Floor? This was no time to take a view from the third-floor window. Grabbing my duster, I headed for the living-room area. What greeted me was convincing enough! Thick billows of black smoke poured in at the

sides and under the door at the top of the stairs.

THIS IS IT, I thought, fumbling through the Directory for a number which stared me in the face, but which I could not see. "Operator," I said chokingly, "please send the Fire Brigade!"

"Where are you?"

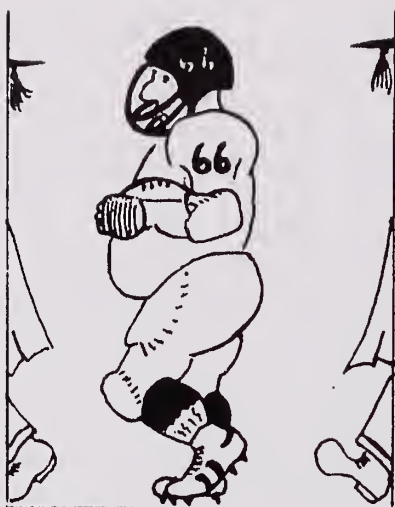
I told her--or so I think I did.

Yes. It IS a FIRE. And in YOUR apartment. No need to know what is causing it. Good! There is the sound of the Brigade. I grabbed my Bible and my keys (it did not occur to me then that maybe I wouldn't be needing THOSE!) my passport and my other identification papers.

Then I took what I felt was my last look around, and bolted through the back door and down

the fire escape. There, a little Yugoslavian girl about nine or ten years old said in halting English, "Every time I cry there is a fire--same in Yugoslav". Even now she had tears in her eyes as her mother removed their belongings from the second floor.

I wandered towards the side of the house leading to the front. A most handsome policeman smiled and said, "I hope you have no dirty dishes in the sink", (there weren't but who would care if there were?) "and that your bed is made?" Well, did HE know what DAY it was? The young man without the shirt was laying new sod on the lawn--that was how he came to see the smoke from the window. The fireman was contemplating breaking down the door "at the top" since the occupant might be sleeping. I said, "What door?" He told me. I handed him the keys. See! It was a good thing I didn't leave them behind!



human machines

by Irv Silver

The emergence of the National Football "industry" in the United States, is frightening. It has created a cult which worships superhuman qualities. The American educational system is now committed to the production of 200 pound athletes that can run the 100-yard dash in less than 10 seconds in full equipment. The education of these young men is used as a premium for good play. It is thus argued that the young man, offered scholarships from Hawk's Nest College, Tennessee or Ketchabal Tech in Green Valley County in North Dakota represents the new life stream of the nation's technological advance. The game is beginning to look like a puppet show of life size marionettes manipulated by a cortex of football executives and tacticians. Perfection is the goal.

The qualifications for NFL membership become more demanding; the popularity of the sport has led to the construction of new stadiums of "coliseum" magnitude, and the NFL industrialists joyfully count the gate receipts and the T.V. rights. The NFL "industry" is symptomatic of the internal dissolution of a great nation.

INNIS DEBATING
SOCIETY

Debates Thursdays
1:00 p.m.

REVIEWS:

Idiots First

by Arrol Toplitsky

Bernard Malamud
Dell Publishing Co., 1966

For lovers of the short story, *Idiots First* is a rare find. This is Bernard Malamud's second book of short stories. His first, *The Magic Barrel*, established him as a writer of great worth.

Mr. Malamud is one of those writers who have the power to combine the stark tragedy of human existence with gleaming fantasy. His stories capture human beings at the poignant moments of their lives--when they recognize their own awful frailty in an indifferent world.

In *Idiots First*, by far the best short story, the dying Mandel begs death for time to put his idiot son on the train which will carry him to safety; and death, in the person of Ginsburg, recognizing his own awful wrath, relents. "He beheld a shimmering, starry, blinding light that produced darkness." The New York Times summed up the author's skill when it said, "He numbs the mind and dazzles the heart."

Christina MacEwan

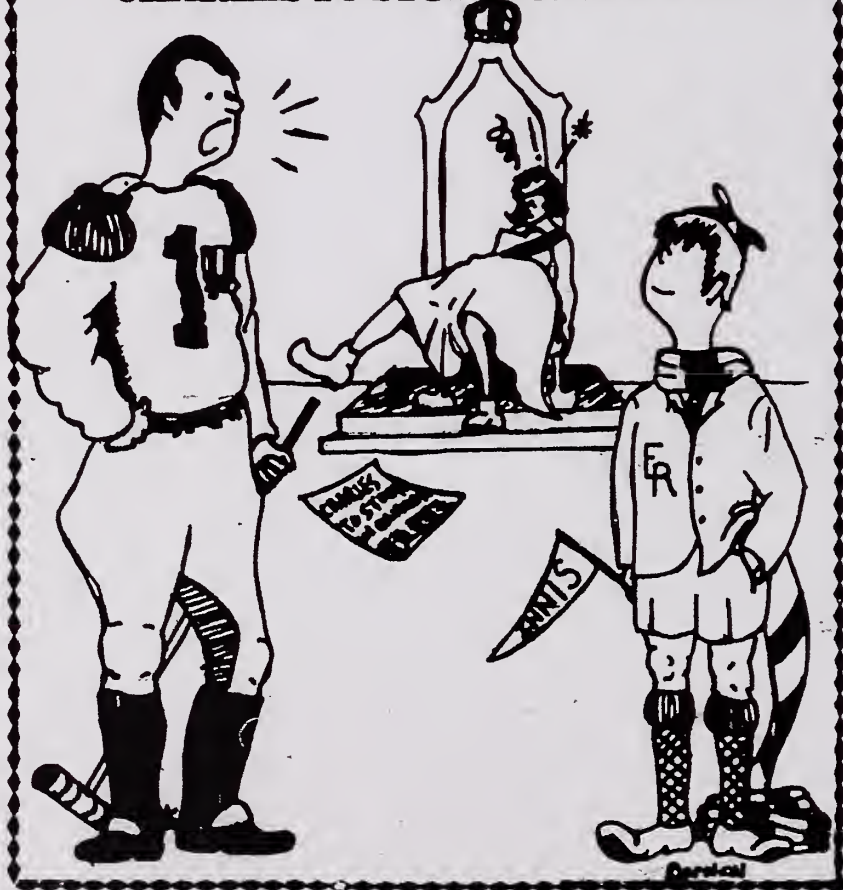
by Bill Barclay

Innis College's second art exhibition of the 1966-67 season opened on November 9th in the College's Common Room. Featured are 32 drawings by 20-year old Christina MacEwan. Most were done this past summer. Her featured works include two acrylic paintings, several pastel sketches, and a number of lithographs and linocuts. They consist mostly of landscape scenes of Albion Hills and the Huntsville area, and of graphic sketches.

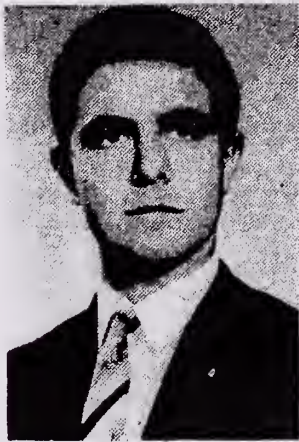
Miss MacEwan has exhibited her drawings at U. of T. before. In February of 1965, they were featured at the Women's Union Theatre and in the Sidney Smith Building.

Miss MacEwan is a native of Toronto and is currently studying at the Ontario College of Art. Before entering O.C.A., she was a student of Fine Art at the University of Toronto.

CHARLES TO STUDY IN CANADA



"You're going to WHAT college?"



Phillip McCordic

Innis student, Phillip McCordic died in his sleep on Friday, November 11th. Formerly at Victoria College, Phillip transferred to Innis last year. He was well known to Innis students for the work he did in last year's Winter Carnival.

A donation will be sent by the College to Boys' Village in his remembrance.

THE GLADIATORS

by Irv Silver

In the University the young man finds his little familiar world shattered. The social and academic moulds that once comfortably oriented his character and psyche towards his comrade and society are pulverized. What remains is a soft mush which our leaders may shape according to some academic mysticism.

The scholastic community is an arena: the coliseum where the mythically all-wise professor does in essence fight for his life.

The classroom, the amphitheatre of the university, is often the scene of the intellectual debate that witnesses the rise and fall of egos.

Once a student asked in a searching desperate fashion, "then sir, you hold no high ideal for man?". The man's reply was, "I feel man has his imperfections, for that is the way it is." And so the student departed, 'as the teacher watched the flies that buzzed'.

Innis College Evening Seminars

The evening seminars are now underway and will continue this term until December 2nd. After Christmas, they will be scheduled from January until mid-February.

Pre-Christmas Seminars:

ECONOMICS: Thursdays at 7:30 p.m. in the Board Room.
Nov. 24th: 'American Ownership of Canadian Industry. What can be done?'

PHILOSOPHY: Mondays at 7:30 p.m. in the Board Room.
Nov. 22nd: 'The American Congressional Election--The End of Consensus Politics'.

PSYCHOLOGY: Thursdays at 7:30 p.m. in the Writing Lab. To begin after Christmas.

SOCIOLOGY: Mondays at 7:30 p.m. in the Writing Lab.
Nov. 21st: 'What the Warren Report on Kennedy's Assassination Reveals about Contemporary American Society'.
See the Writing Lab notice board for schedule of later topics.

Seminars are open to all students. The discussions are focused on contemporary issues. No specialized knowledge is required.

COLLEGE BANQUET

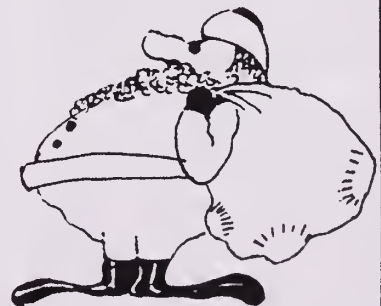


Ken Stone, President and Marnie Underwood, Women's Vice President, at the annual Innis College Banquet, November 4th.

INNIS CHRISTMAS CARDS

\$1.00 per dozen
limited supply

See Art Tamaki
or Betty McPherson



yesterday ... Today ... TOMORROW

WOMEN THIRD IN SWIM MEET: The Innis College Women's Swim Team placed third with 16 points in the University swim meet. Mabel-Anne Brown placed first in synchronized figures, 25- and 50-yard breast stroke to win 15 points.

ART WORKSHOP: will be working with water colours on Wed. Nov. 23, at 7 p.m.

LACROSSE: The Innis team won all of their games to place first in their division. They now enter the playoffs against the winner of the first division for the U. of T. championship.

GIRLS' HOCKEY: Our girls won their first game against UC 2-1. Fran Linton and Judy Kerwin scored for Innis.

DRAMA: Innis is putting on Antigone. Some minor parts are still available. See Catherine Harris (924-4009).

RUGGER: Our rugger team has finished their season. They were not quite as successful as our lacrosse team.

SOCCER: Our soccer team lost only one season game against Arch. In the game Innis vs. Emmanuel, Gary Priestman scored for Innis to win 1-0.

HOCKEY: The firsts tied their first game 3-3 against Phys. Ed. "B". The seconds lost their game 4-2 against Forestry. Joe Uyede got both assists on goals by Bortelli and Fuhrman.

VOLLEYBALL: The firsts have

won one match against Meds "A". 15-4 and 15-5. They have two games coming up, one against champion Sr. Eng. The seconds have won three of their four games and are in second place.

BASKETBALL: The season starts this week. Check the bulletin board for details.

EXECUTIVE MEETING: The Executive will be discussing the budget on Tues. Nov. 22 at 7:00. All executive meetings are open.

DEBATING: The Innis Debating Society holds meetings every Thurs. at 1:00. Anyone is welcome to listen to these noon debates.

FOLK MUSIC CLUB: Meetings are every Thurs. at 5:00.

MISTLETOE MASH: Prepare for the Mash at Hart House on Dec. 16. No Innis student worthy of the name would miss it.

ANNUAL CHRISTMAS CARD PAGEANT: Miss Innis College Christmas Card will be chosen Fri. Nov. 25. Jack Newman will be the moderator.

SCHEDULES for job interviews are posted on the Registrar's notice board. Applies to permanent and summer employment.

WEST SIDE STORY presented by St. Michael's College at Ryerson Theatre, 50 Gould St., Dec. 1 and 2nd at 8:15 p.m. and Dec. 3 at 7:30 p.m. Tickets \$1.50 and \$1.00.

agatha's apron strings

Into the cuisine this month... with scrumptuous ideas in desserts...new ways to entrance guests...children...husbands.... what about...deliciously wicked... glazed bananas...or for prune fans...an innocent dish of prunes ...'enflambée'...with just a soupçon of cognac...healthful....and rather "salt-of-the-earthish"...

...with grapes so marvellously easy to be had, why not try making a meal of them...for fun ...grape casserole...piping hot sautéed grapes as second course ...and, for dessert...what else... but grapes...to be dipped in a tiny silvery dish of...black-currant jelly...really quite an ingenious family din...

Why not persuade the group ...to organize a wintry picnic... hot buttery rock cornish hens ...stuffed turnips...baked Alaska ...enormous snifters of brandy... a romp in the snow...could be just the finishing touch

...and with Canada soon to be of age...why not invent...an oh-so-Canadian apertif....maple syrup...perhaps dashed over a fifth of dryish vermouth...this, with a beavershaped ice cube...we can't imagine....anything as ethnic... and while you're thinking seriously of syrup bottles...why not line one with cotton...batten... use if for an elegant little tree trapping...

...why not be ambitious...have a fling at a few yummy ideas... Christmas being a terribly appropriate time...for newish sorts of things...defying tradition with élan...perhaps serving steamed grouse...instead of turkey...being quietly smug and competent about it all...or being very very ...avant-garde...with eels...these marinated gently in orange juice ...ambrosial...a madly simple thought to breakfasts...preparing absolutely pounds of bacon the night before...to eat cold...the next morning...sandwiched between slabs...of venison

Why not try...being clever with apples...stuff a hollowed one with a heavenly combination of ...walnuts...tuna fish slivers... and mayonnaise...going on a tea-biscuit baking binge...slicing pastrami into sauce Bearnaise, and startling everyone...making a fetish of fish...learning to make ox-tail broth...take a lamb to lunch.

THROUGH A GIN BOTTLE

by melody muise and fran linton

A bottle of Gilbey's is a girl's best friend. It is the means whereby she gains profound insight into the soul, and the very nature of life. Yessir, good ol' existence. Yummy, yummy insight. At 1:14 a.m. on the morning after the night before, Gilbey drinkers will wander to the nearest window, open it, and in unison, exhale..... pass the bottle..... It might be said of that glorious epoch in time when I first pondered over my philosophy of life, that my existence was perfection. I owned one third of a 1954 Austin-Healy Sloth, had a beautiful girlfriend with blue-green bruises on her legs, greasy hair, and a boot-legger in her basement. I had money in the bank, and a rich aunt about to go.

Then, out of the blue, I began to question my existence, especially when my girlfriend metaphorically asked "Are you for real?" Was it possible that I wasn't? Was it feasible that hundreds of flies could live in my pad, especially after I threw out the garbage?

At this point, I searched the vast storehouse of my mind for a definitive answer as to whether I was all there. I took my girlfriend with the beautiful bruises, in my arms and kissed her. She stepped back, took the grape she had been munching out of her mouth and tossed the pip into my somewhat greasy hair.

And the reason and reality of all formed itself in my mind. I have a grape pip in my hair--therefore I am!! ...pass the bottle.....